

Maryknoll

THE FIELD YEAR



JULY 1949



SO FUNNY! "Why does a chicken cross the road?" asks Father Witte. The age-old answer brings great merriment to these Japanese toddlers. Maryknollers are winning many among the two million Japanese of Kyoto.







My First Miracle

by Edward J. Moffett

UP EARLY on my way to the tiny hill of Green Pheasant, ten miles up the river. Word had come, two days earlier, that a faithful Chinese, John Chun, had died and this was the day that had been assigned for his funeral. It was necessary to start out at dawn, so that the Requiem Mass would be early enough to allow the Catholic farmers of the region to attend the Mass and yet not miss a full day in the fields during this busy season.

When I was little more than half-way to Green Pheasant Village, I got the greatest shock of my twenty-six years. Down the path stumbling into my arms, came old John Chun himself! Don't say I was surprised — that would be too mild a word! It rocked me, to meet the man who had been lying in a coffin for the last forty-eight hours, the man I was to bury that very morning!

Looking back now, I can say I was fairly calm under the circumstances. I steadied myself by whispering over and over to my mind, "Easy, boy — this is it — your first miracle!" I had always believed that a missionary should be ready for anything — even miracles. But I can honestly say I wasn't expecting to perform one in my first year when I was still new

at the language and not used to the customs.

In my broken Cantonese, which might have caused my language teacher to drop dead if he had heard it, I took ten minutes to probe into the facts of the case. Then I was convinced that old John was not a ghost! He and I went back to the mission chapel, and there the old-timer heard Mass and received Holy Communion in smiling gratitude, on his own "funeral" day.

It was old John's cousin, Paul, who had handed me my first "miracle" on a platter.

It seems that Paul had got into a card game and had wagered a little over his head. I suppose when a man has a wife and four youngsters waiting by the kitchen stove at home, then he, like Paul, may be tempted to perform a "miracle" in order to bring home the rice.

You see, it was Paul who came to the mission with the news of John's death. And it was Paul who borrowed a little money from the missionary, to help pay the funeral expenses.

Ah, yes, Green Pheasant Village's recent "Requiem" ended happily for everyone but me. Old John Chun is truly happy to be alive. Cousin Paul is a thoroughly repentant and reformed gambler. His family has rice in the larder. But as for me — my first miracle was a washout.

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Two visits to Latin America have introduced me to the abundant charm of our fellow Catholics south of the Rio Grande. There is much in their many distinctive Catholic practices, that is nearer to the ways of continental Europe than to our so-called Anglo-Saxon mentality. In the people themselves, there is the same lovable-ness that appeals to us in the good folk of every continent on earth.

In Mexico City I was asked what I noticed particularly as distinguishing the Mexicans from ourselves. I replied, half jokingly, "A great deal of sauce and a great deal of heart." There is a generous supply of peppers in their food; and there is a large amount of affection, or emotion, in their religious practice, in their songs, in their conversation, and in their manners.


Our own Catholic heritage has suffered from a certain coldness that is prevalent among us, and that prompts us to hide our emotions. A little more heart wouldn't do us harm. Above all, let us not criticize or ridicule anything in the Latin Americans that is pleasing to God and our Blessed Mother.

For instance, no one who visits Guadalupe with an open mind can come away unimpressed by the sim-

ple Faith of the people. To say Mass at the high altar of the Shrine, beneath the miraculous picture that is so charming and so beautiful in its simplicity, is an experience never to be forgotten.

Latin America has had trials, and will continue to suffer from social, economical, and political evils, just as we do, though in greater intensity. A sympathetic visitor acquires the conviction that our Blessed Mother is keeping many of those good people in the Faith until such time as an adequate supply of priests and religious shall be available to lead them back to an active Catholic life — which comes from reception of the sacraments.

Meanwhile, there are groups of Latin-American Catholics whose religious life is as deep and as orthodox as can be found anywhere in the world. We should do all in our power to help our brethren below the border. If we can visit their countries, let us do so with a sympathetic heart, and let us be not unmindful of our own defects, both national and individual.



MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD APOSTLE, Vol. XLIII, No. 7, July, 1949. Issued monthly. Rates: \$1 a year; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, MARYKNOLL, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879, AUTHORIZED FEBRUARY 24, 1943. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921. Published by (legal title) Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.



NEW FACES IN JAPAN

by Robert J. Waeldner

WHEN Bishop O'Hara of Buffalo visited Japan, he asked a nun in Tokyo if many Japanese showed a desire to be instructed in the Catholic Faith. The nun replied: "Every day they come to the gate of our convent, ring the bell, and say, 'Please teach me Christ.'"

Maryknollers in Japan are teaching catechism from early morning until late at night. Even with all



this effort, they are hard put to keep up with the many requests for instruction.

Father McKillop, of Brooklyn, *left*, who is now the Maryknoll Superior in Japan,

reports that an unusually large proportion of interest is being shown by Japan's students. In Kyoto, Buffalo's Father John Murrett, and other priests are teaching in local schools and colleges — a thing undreamed-of before the war.

Naturally, this wide interest is re-



sulting in many conversions and causing us to expand our facilities. New churches have been built, such as the simple and beautiful edifice at



Takano, *below*. The churches are dedicated by Monsignor Paul Furuya, *above*, who is the ecclesiastical head of all Maryknollers in the Kyoto area.

One of the veter-



ans here, Father Joseph Hunt, *left*, of Brookline, Mass., remarks that what he likes best about present-day conditions in Japan is "the number of new faces we see every



to exercise fully her function of charity. Besides the fine work that is being done in Kyoto by Father Steinbach, we are caring for many orphans *above*, and the Sisters, such as Sister Sabina,



Sunday in church." This is a sentiment that finds agreement among all missionaries here.

The war brought the Japanese closer to Christ by freeing them from the shackles of "thought control" and emperor worship. At the same time, it required the Church

below, are operating a model tuberculosis sanatorium. Maryknoll Sisters set a fast pace.





These Japanese right dressed in their Sunday best, shelter the Blessed Sacrament during a procession at Tsu. Father Thomas Barry, New York City, is celebrant; Father Joseph Maynard, San Francisco, left; and Father Thomas Prendergast, Utica, N. Y. Above, Junior assists his Mama to hitch on baby.







Sister Gloria, surrounded by new faces of new Christians at the new Church in Takano, smiles happily at the spiritual rebirth taking place in Japan.

We Build at Big Ditch

by Maurice A. Feeney

BIG DITCH is a little market town, hidden away in a remote section of Kwangtung Province in South China. Recently we opened a mission at Big Ditch and had to build a house — and that is quite a story in itself.

We called in Chinese workmen to do the job, knowing that they would stay at the mission for as long as the job would last. Chinese craftsmen are very simple people; ours arrived with little baggage. Although they were to be with us for two or three months, all each man brought in his bundle was a toothbrush, a towel, a pair of slippers, and a few simple tools.

It wasn't hard to find beds for the workmen. They were quite willing to sleep anywhere, provided I loaned each a grass mat to cover whatever was to serve as his bed — be it table, or church bench, or just the floor.

While on the job, the workmen ate at my expense. All they expected was rice, fish, and some greens.

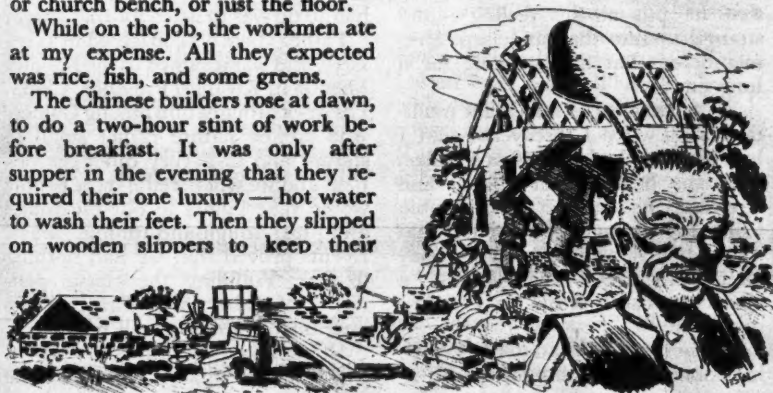
The Chinese builders rose at dawn, to do a two-hour stint of work before breakfast. It was only after supper in the evening that they required their one luxury — hot water to wash their feet. Then they slipped on wooden slippers to keep their

feet clean until bedtime. The older workers went to bed at half past seven but the young bloods stayed up till nine o'clock.

I had a hard time seeking a compromise between letting the job out on contract and hiring the men by the day. Either of these alternatives presents problems. A building put up on contract will go up fast but sloppily; when the workers are hired by the day, the building takes shape at a snail's pace.

Here at Big Ditch, we had a few extra troubles in consequence of being located fifteen miles from the center of supplies. The window glass came by oxcart, and the wonder of it is that any panes arrived intact.

Now our new house is completed. It tried our patience in the building, but that makes it all the more pleasant to live in.



The Happy Heavyweight

A former boxing champ becomes a hero

by James F. Smith



HAVE YOU EVER had your fingers crushed when you innocently put your hand into that of a bruiser who doesn't know his own strength? That happened to me when I was introduced to a new classmate, Lloyd Glass, of Cresco, Iowa, back in 1931. It was the first day for both of us as Maryknoll students, and I suppose he was so happy to see another freshman that he put all his feeling — and strength — into the handclasp. I remembered that first meeting for a long time!

My feelings were somewhat mollified later, when I discovered that I had been crushed by no less a person than the heavyweight boxing and wrestling champion of Columbia College, Dubuque, Iowa. I felt that a limp hand was little enough to pay for the pleasure of having him for a classmate and eventually a fellow missionary.

Everyone simply had to like Lloyd: his boundless good humor spread it-

self around him and penetrated everything he did. He had the knack of storytelling — some of his stories were whoppers — and was usually the center of a group of laughing companions. His own bellowing shout of joy at the telling or hearing of some humorous anecdote could be heard all over the Seminary grounds; in recreation periods, no one ever had to wonder where Lloyd was — all one had to do was to listen for that laugh.

Father Glass was ordained in June, 1935, and was assigned to the Kweilin Mission in Kwangsi Province, China. His work brought him among Chinese who are by nature rather small in stature and of a very quiet disposition, and we wondered if those people would take kindly to our big friend and his rough-and-tumble ways. Events proved that we had nothing to fear. Fulfilling the classic definition of Saint Paul, Father Glass "became all things to all men."

He attacked the difficult study of the Mandarin dialect with the same

determination he had displayed in the ring. Even before the end of the first year in China, he had established himself as one of the leading contenders for championship honors in language study. The people took him to their hearts, too. They soon learned that his bulging muscles were no threat to them, and that his heart was all theirs for the asking.

No one ever had to look for exercise in China. Father Glass was in his element on mission trips, and a ten-hour hike only served to warm him up for an evening with his Christians. If there is anything the Chinese love, it's a storyteller. They will sit by the hour listening to one of their own professionals, and even pay for it. Father Glass gave them first-class entertainment — free.

His fame soon spread through the whole district. Christians and non-Christians would congregate around the small fire in the village where he was spending the night, and listen to this man with the magic tongue, who could make them laugh and forget their troubles for awhile; and he also told them wonderful stories of another Man, named Jesus, who taught the poor how to find the true road to peace.

Only once, to my knowledge, have Maryknollers found it necessary to use Father's brawn as a threat. It happened in the early days of the war, when government officials, in an effort to be "super-safe," in-

terned the Italian missionary priests of the neighboring mission in Hunan. With the priests gone from their compounds, some local officials saw an opportunity for personal gain and proceeded to take over Church property. An SOS from the interned bishop to Monsignor Romaniello, Maryknoll Superior of the Kweilin

Mission, asked for a group of American priests to go to Hunan, recover the mission properties, and hold them until the Italian missionaries could be released.

Perhaps the good bishop was disappointed when he learned that only two Maryknollers were assigned to the task, but he had no reason to worry — one of the two was Father Glass. He was the logical choice for such a situation. What guile, good humor, and patience could not accomplish, a well-simulated, and often sincere, show of anger did. In short order, the Hunan missions were cleared of their unwelcome guests. Father Glass became a roving ambassador of "bad will" for any group with designs on the mission hospital, churches, schools, and residences. Happily, the Italian Fathers were released after only a few months' internment, and the Maryknoll Fathers were able to return to their own work in Kweilin.

American airmen and ground crews stationed in China during the war were easy victims of Father Glass' wit and humor. His house used to swarm with them on their periodic

Experience shows the way in mission work. A Maryknoller plans the conversion strategy and makes necessary contacts. The catechist does the spade work. Without the catechist's \$15 monthly support, mission work is delayed.

visits to the town, and many a homesick G.I. left his gloom in the mission guestroom and returned to base a happier man.

One American general, who met Father Glass by accident as the latter was going to the airfield to say Mass for the soldiers, learned that the priest had finished his ten-year tour of duty in China and had been recalled to the States for a year's vacation, but couldn't return because of lack of transportation. The general was about to return to the States in a special plane, and he invited Father to accompany him. At the end of the long flight, the general was heard to say: "That man ought to be on the stage! He kept us laughing all the way."

Father's good luck held out until near the end of his journey. When the bus driver came to collect the fare, Father handed it over with the laughing remark that it was the first time in 20,000 miles of travel that he had to pay. The driver answered: "Father, I won't spoil your record. Keep your money."

After a year's rest at home, Father

Glass returned to China, and undertook a work that he loves. He has charge of a "Boys Town" for many homeless lads whose parents disappeared during the war. Even though there is never enough clothing or food to go around, the boys are happy. The ever-present grin of their "Spiritual Father" encourages them to "take it" like little men. Dangerous thoughts about an easier way of living may come into the minds of the boys, but if the love they have for Father Glass isn't enough to drive them out again, an awful picture of what he might do when aroused is sufficient to make them forget such daydreams.

The lads in this "Boys Town" have a hero, and he is Father Glass. They think that he is the biggest, fastest, strongest, smartest; in fact, he's just a mass of superlatives to them. They imitate his walk, his talk, his laugh; and deep down in every one of these young hearts, is the burning desire to grow up into a Chinese-sized imitation of their priestly model—Father Lloyd Glass, Maryknoll's "happy heavyweight."



Soun Yu, the Bought Girl

The top of little Soun Yu's head is not more than twenty inches from the ground. Each morning we see her heading for the mountains. Strung from a pole on her shoulder are two firewood baskets that barely clear the ground. When she returns with a full load, Father

Eggleston is always on hand to greet her with a big smile. By means of a little medicine, Father recently cured her badly chapped hands. Soun Yu is a bought girl; and although she is well treated, she never quite forgets that some money paid to her desperate parents brought her to Chiuling.

—Father Leo F. McCarthy, of Millis, Mass., now in South China



Night Flight for the Twins

by Thomas F. Gibbons

SISTER ANNETTE goes about her duties charming everyone with the friendliest of smiles. There has been an added glow on Sister's countenance in the past two days, for she carries in her heart a happiness that can be known only by those who find Christ in the small and the weak. There is a story behind Sister's happy face.

Sister is stationed at the mission hospital on Ukerewe, an island in the blue waters of Lake Victoria, Africa. Fairly near lies the neighboring island of Ukara. Ukara has not been blessed in having priests and Sisters to tend to its people.

In the little village on Ukara, lived Munaka and his wife, Mukiro. Although pagans, both were good people and tried to live according to what they thought right. Of late, Mukiro had been unusually happy for she was expecting a child. But when the day came, no happiness reigned in their hearts. Munaka and Mukiro had become parents of twins — and according to the pagan belief, twins are a curse to a family and must die.

Munaka knew his parents would never let the twins survive. This did not seem right to him. So, late that night, while the grandparents were asleep, the couple, carrying the babies, stole from their hut and made their way to the seashore. Munaka, a fisherman, owned his own canoe. Out on the dark waters of Lake Victoria went the frail craft, bearing the fleeing family.

It took some time before the canoe was pulled up on the sandy beach of Ukerewe. The first rays of the sun were peeping across the horizon as Mukiro asked: "Where shall we go? Our babies need food and shelter."

"Let us try the mission," answered her husband.

At the hospital, Mukiro told Sister Annette the poignant tale of why the young parents had come to the Catholic mission. Now Munaka and Mukiro live near the hospital, while their twins are boarded there, so as to be entirely safe from pagan relatives. The young parents are very happy over this solution. Sister Annette's eyes have been shining ever since.



ORDINATION VIA SAMPAN

The "City of No Conversions" Comes of Age

by Cyril V. Hirst

FIRECRACKERS are exploding, laughter and gaiety fill the air — all because something wonderful has happened in the Wuchow Diocese today. With its first two native sons ordained to major orders, Wuchow, once called "the city of no conversions," has at last come of age. This morning, at the mission of Tanchuk, the first fruits of almost twenty years' labor were reaped when Mark Tsang, of Pingnam, and Benedict Ts'oi, of Szwong, were ordained deacons, one day after their ordination to the subdiaconate.

Back in 1930 Maryknollers took direction of the Wuchow area. In 1935, the preparatory seminary was begun. Since that day, never once

were the seminary doors closed. During the war, when the seminary was "on the run" and had to be moved into the mountains for safety, it was decided that our philosophy students, Mark Tsang and Benedict Ts'oi, should trek out through the mountains and enter the French seminary. After the war, Mark and Benedict were sent to Hong Kong, where the good Jesuit Fathers gave them final instruction.

Bishop Donaghy, Wuchow superior, wanted to make a celebration of the diocese's first major ordination. Instead of having the ceremony in Wuchow City, he decided to have it in the chapel at Tanchuk, which is the largest in the area. Moreover,


a retreat for catechists was just finishing there, and Bishop Donaghy wished the catechists to see the inspiring sight of two of their own people receiving major orders.

To get from Wuchow to Tanchuk, two river sampans were hired. The younger seminarians, home on vacation, were called back. So priests, seminarians, and our good Catholic lay folk, all piled aboard the sampans and headed up river, to see the beginning of a native clergy in the diocese of Wuchow.

The Lord provided perfect weather for the two days. The ceremonies went off beautifully. The Bishop rejoiced in his first ordinations of his own men. The new deacons felt that these two days were the happiest of their lives. Relatives beamed proudly. The catechists were happy; the seminarians were inspired; the native Sisters were full of joy. It was as if the Holy Ghost had descended and stamped His blessing on the erstwhile "city of no conversions."



One of the proudest and happiest women in all Wuchow is Mrs. Tsang, who is shown above with her son, after he had received major orders. The new deacons, Benedict Ts'ol and Mark Tsang, wearing for the first time their vestments, pose with the Bishop.



Town and Country Labor Schools

A Chilean prelate
plans a revolution

by Jerome P. Garvey

MARYKNOLLERS working in Latin America have an interesting variety of jobs. But perhaps the most interesting, from a social point of view, is the direction of agricultural and industrial schools in the Diocese of Talca, Chile. These schools are sponsored by Bishop Manuel Larrain, who has endeavored to make known and put into practice the Social Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI.

Father James V. Manning, a Maryknoller from New York, was entrusted with the pioneer effort — an industrial school in Talca. Securing a run-down property at the edge of a poor district, Father managed by much campaigning to make its few

rooms fairly presentable. Day after day he made the rounds of the city, telling people about the night school for young working men offering practical courses in carpentry, mechanics, radio, and electricity. A day school for the women would include classes in sewing, cooking, and child care. Nor were the children neglected: three afternoons a week were set aside to teach the youngsters catechism, dressmaking, and handicraft.

Like most beginnings, this work was not easy, but Father Manning was untiring in his efforts. Before the end of the first year of the Institute of Leo XIII, he had made the work known throughout the city. Young

men and women of fine families offered their services and helped win friends for the work. Through their aid, a summer camp was set up on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, where each summer hundreds of Talca's poorest youngsters get a much-needed vacation.

Having laid the foundations in the city, Bishop Larrain directed his efforts to the boys of the country. Those lads were often forced to go to work before they had even completed rural schooling. The bishop assigned Father James V. McNiff, from Peabody, Mass., to organize an agricultural-industrial school, devoted primarily to the training of poor boys, on the outskirts of Molina.

To succeed, this social betterment of the poorer classes required the co-operation of property owners. The first step towards obtaining their help was a pastoral letter from Bishop Larrain to all the pastors of the diocese, explaining the work and asking them to speak of it from

No Strings

The mission fields and Maryknoll-at-home have many needs. If you cannot decide which need is the greatest, make your gift "stringless." We prefer such.

the pulpit at all Sunday Masses.

The second step was personal propaganda by Father McNiff. Provided with a list of the *fundo* owners in the

vicinity of Molina, Father spent long hours in the saddle, riding from one farm to another. Each property owner was asked to choose at least one boy from his employees, to send that boy to the school in Molina, and to be responsible for the expenses of the boy for the year. Those owners who could not pay in cash were encouraged to send some of the produce of their farms to help reduce the expenditure for food at the school.

In addition to the thirty boys living at the school, there were one hundred and twenty day pupils — poor boys of the neighborhood who came each morning and afternoon for classes. Such a large number required a good staff of professors: five were needed for the ordinary subjects, and two more for the technical courses.

At first we had no tools of any



Father McNiff



Bishop Larrain



Father Manning

kind, for carpentry or mechanics. But gradually, through the generosity of readers of Maryknoll's magazine, the most essential and necessary tools

were acquired, and classes were begun for the boarders. Father McNiff is now working on a plan whereby the day students, also, will share in the full program.

The courses on cows, chickens, pigs, and rabbits are under the direction of a fine Catholic man who is director of a State Agricultural School. The Maryknoll school is gradually obtaining some fine livestock. The land at our disposal is far too little, but not a foot of soil has been wasted.

A gift of twenty-five pure-bred Leghorn hens gave the impetus to that branch of agriculture, and we have since acquired one hundred Rhode Island Red chicks. The boys are taught to prepare mash and grain scientifically, to insure the maximum production of eggs and meat. Gradually the idea of controlled

A Fitting Memorial
is a room in a Maryknoll seminary. A plaque on the door will remind the priest or student occupant to pray daily for your beloved one.
Offering \$500.

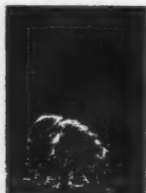
feeding is being impressed on the students.

The education of these boys had not been confined to learning a trade. Life in the school

has been carefully directed. Every effort has been made to inculcate in the students solid Catholic principles. Daily Mass was set at a convenient hour. It has been heartening to see the number of boys who voluntarily assist at Mass and receive the sacraments.

Nor have sports been neglected. The students have a large field for their own brand of soccer, and they have the use of basketball and volleyball courts. The Padres tried to introduce softball, but the boys were so awkward in the use of their hands that they preferred to stop the ball with their feet.

Talca's agricultural school has been operating for over a year now. The results have been most favorable. Not only will the students be better workers but, more important, better Catholics.



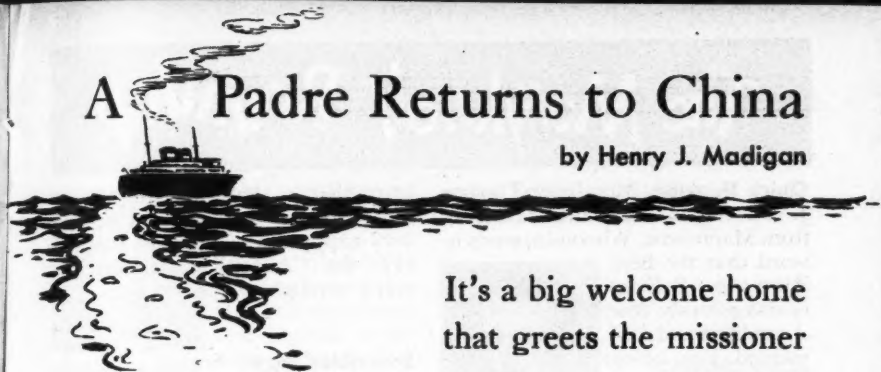
Tomatoes From a Beer Bottle

PEDRO KOSUKI is a Bolivianized Japanese who lives in the jungle town of Riberalta. Up to a few years ago, this community of 5,000 Bolivians never had fresh vegetables: the tropic onslaught of huge and numberless insects was the cause. But then Pedro began offering the Maryknoll Missioners and other citizens toma-

atoes, celery, and the like. How had he produced them? Investigation showed that the painstaking Japanese had gathered hundreds of beer bottles, broken off their necks, filled them with sifted earth, and cultivated in each bottle one plant. Into those bottles most insects could not penetrate. Determination finds a way.

A Padre Returns to China

by Henry J. Madigan



It's a big welcome home
that greets the missionary

I SPENT TEN YEARS in Chinese mountain villages. I consumed some ten thousand eggs, about two hundred bushels of rice, maybe tens of thousands of cups of tea. I traveled about three thousand miles a year on a bicycle, over mountain trails. I slept in a hundred different villages, and had my veins tapped frequently for the mosquito "blood banks." I also made some converts. Then, last year, I went home to America.

What a revelation it was to be back home after ten years in China! I had forgotten that such a dreamland of plenty existed. Just a few months before, I had been in a Chinese city where famine killed 20,000 of the 40,000 inhabitants in one year. What would you think if 5,000 people in your city starved to death in one month? If your Chamber of Commerce opened its doors one morning to find 300 corpses piled there since the evening before? Gruesome, but true. I have the pictures to prove what I'm telling you.

You American people were wonderful! You treated me like a man-

darin. You listened to my tales of China, and were eager for news of mission life. You made me feel important. Your admiration, your friendly handshake, the welcoming smile, and the farewell tear: I admit I loved them all.

Then my furlough ended. I came back to China and was immediately assigned to this little town in the mountains of Kaying. Here the Padre is the only Westerner in a fifty-mile radius.

My mission of Wufa Siao is a completely new one. The day after I came was Sunday. I said Mass on two boxes, wearing a green chasuble, a black stole and a purple maniple — the only vestments here. My missal stand was a coffee can; my candles were peanut-oil lamps. It looks as if I must build Wufa Siao up from scratch — and I can't do that alone. Yet it must be done.

Friends in America will help me and will, I hope, pray. Given a choice between a hundred-dollar gift and a "Hail Mary," I'd prefer the "Hail Mary" — said slowly, and sincerely, for the work here.

The Maryknoll Roundup

Quick Thinking. Monsignor Thomas J. Danehy, a Maryknoll Missioner from Manitowoc, Wisconsin, sends us word that the Beni River, in Bolivia, is dangerously low—sandbars and submerged logs being constant threats. Monsignor himself was traveling downstream when his



boat hit a submerged log and started to act like a bucking bronco. The pilot immediately rammed the beach to save the boat from sinking. Once the passengers were ashore, several task forces of bugs began to attack them. Monsignor Danehy prudently retreated into the water, and thus had only his head to defend.

Monsignor Danehy

Hitch-hiker. A seventy-year-old woman was patiently trudging along the road to the Shinto shrine at



Father Steinbach

Karasaki, Japan. Father Leo J. Steinbach, a Maryknoll Missioner from Chariton, Iowa, stopped his jeep and gave "Auntie" a ride. When graciously thanking Father for the lift, she promised not to forget the new ideas about religion that she had picked up during the ride. A few days later, word came that "Auntie" was sick unto death. Father Steinbach hurried over to

her. After a short instruction, the old lady was baptized and died a very happy death. We trust that the ride for "Auntie" continued directly through the pearly gates.

Scrambled Eggs. Seated at breakfast in the Maryknoll mission in Wuchow, China, Father William Morrissey of Brooklyn, New York, recently arrived from

the States, ordered scrambled eggs in what he thought was perfect Cantonese. However, the Chinese houseboy couldn't understand him. Father



Father Morrissey

tried his order in different Chinese tones—eight of them, in all. Still the puzzled look remained on the houseboy's face. In desperation, the tyro missioner turned to a veteran and asked in English how to translate "scrambled eggs." Without waiting for the older missioner to reply, the houseboy strode off to the kitchen and called to the cook, in perfect English, "One order of scrambled eggs."

No Bed of Roses. The Governor of Huehuetenango, Guatemala, asked Father John F. Lenahan, a Maryknoll Missioner from Mahanoy Plane, Pa., to bless the new prison for the region. "When I arrived at the prison," says Father Lenahan, "an official

asked me to hear the confessions of the prisoners. The first man to enter the improvised confessional shook hands with me and grinned sheepishly. I told him to begin his confession; he just looked at me dumbly. I questioned the man and discovered that he had never been to confession before. When the next man came in, it was the same story. After telling about half a dozen that I would instruct them later, I decided to investigate. Outside, I found two guards with bayonets, forcing the prisoners towards my confessional!"



Father Lenahan

Well Done. Father David I. Walsh, a Maryknoll Missioner from New Bedford, Mass., now in Cochabamba, Bolivia, has found that a hot-water bottle greatly relieves an occasional indisposition. One night, having an upset stomach, Father told Victor, his houseboy, to fix up a well-heated, hot-water bottle. When Father was

ready to retire, he smelled burning rubber and went down to the kitchen to investigate. He peered into the stove oven — and there was the hot-water bottle, resembling a nicely grilled cheese sandwich!

Witch Doctor. "Our supper was interrupted one night by a noise at the door," writes Father William J. Collins, a Maryknoll Missioner from Boston, Mass., now stationed in Tanganyika, Africa. "A woman was there, with a crying baby who had been bitten by a scorpion. I tried a new remedy I had read about — salt water dropped into the eyes. A scorpion bite affects the heart, and this remedy is said to counteract it. Whatever the explanation, the baby almost immediately fell asleep. Its mother looked on in amazement: her child had been bitten in the heel, but I had put drops in the eyes. She must think I am a witch doctor with strange powers."



Father Collins

MARYKNOLL HOUSES IN THE UNITED STATES

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Maryknoll Novitiate
The Maryknoll Fathers
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Maryknoll Junior Seminary
71 Jewett Parkway
BUFFALO 14, N. Y.

Maryknoll Junior College
LAKEWOOD, N. J.

426 S. Boyle Avenue
LOS ANGELES 33, Calif.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
6700 Beechmont Avenue
CINCINNATI, 30, Ohio

Maryknoll Apostolic College
CLARKS SUMMIT, Pa.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
20 Newton Street
BROOKLINE 46, Mass.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
9001 Dexter Blvd.
DETROIT 6, Mich.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
1421 N. Astor Street
CHICAGO 10, Ill.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
MOUNTAIN VIEW, Calif.

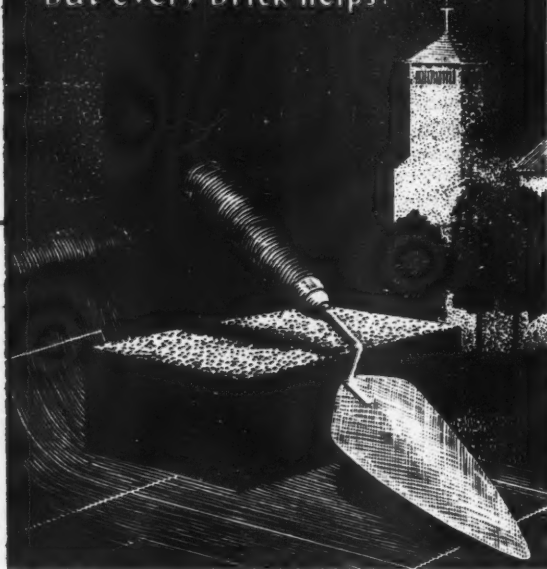
121 E. 39th Street
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
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1492 McAllister Street
SAN FRANCISCO 15, Calif.

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but every brick helps!



1

More priests are needed in mission lands.

2

You can help an American boy to become a foreign-mission priest.

3

By making it possible for him to be a foreign missionary, you will share in his work—and his reward.

Own a Brick in Our Seminary Wall

MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS are laboring for souls in China, Korea, Japan; in Africa; in Mexico, Guatemala, Peru, Bolivia, Chile; and in the Hawaiian Islands. More priests are needed. Maryknoll, with your help, is building a new seminary at Glen Ellyn, near Chicago, to train 400 American young men for the mission field. The problem of obtaining funds to go on with construction is a big one. Will you help? A little from many will mean much.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

To help an American boy become a Maryknoll priest:

I enclose \$ _____ toward the fund needed to build the Maryknoll seminary, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

I enclose \$ _____ for your Brick-a-Month Club. Please send me a monthly reminder.

My Name _____

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Laymen Who Carry a Message

The Chinese catechist has been called "the eyes, ears, and voice of the missionary." He has been likened to St. John Baptist, preparing the way for the priest to follow. He is the Church's Man Friday.

A PHOTO STORY ➡

Catechists are both men and women. It is their job to make the Faith known throughout the countryside. They instruct the people interested in the Church, preparing them for baptism. The missionary then steps in for the final lessons and examination. By using catechists, the missionary multiplies himself many times.







A catechist must be a person of strong faith. Often it is his example, alone, that leads non-Christians to inquire about the Church he represents.



Over a bowl of rice at a roadside food stall, the catechist tells of God. He makes every chance count to interest others in the religion he teaches.



Many catechists have been trained in special skills, which they use as an opening wedge. These catechists work in Maryknoll's South China missions.

THE END

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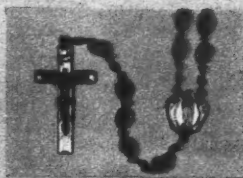
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JUVENILES

Children from six to ten will enjoy reading about the adventures of Thomas and Anna in China. Customs there differ from ours, but children are the same everywhere.

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LONG ROAD TO LO-TING	1.00
THE IMPORTANT PIG	1.00
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ROSARIES

Maryknoll rosaries have Our Lady of Maryknoll centerpiece and are packed in boxes.

No. 301—Men's rosary: black beads each **\$1.75**

No. 310—Women's rosary: choice of emerald, blue, green beads. State choice of color **\$2.75**

THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF, MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

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Send these catalogs: ☐ Mission Books ☐ Missionary Religious Goods ☐ Teacher Aids

Mechanic on Horseback

by Felix Fournier

THE ALARM went off a bit early today, which proves that the life of a Brother-missioner is not just a bed of roses. I was to go to Jacaltenango, to do a repair job on the mission's gasoline-fueled electric generator. After morning prayers, one of the priests gave me Communion early. When a hasty breakfast was finished, I hustled to catch the ramshackle bus that takes passengers to the end of the road.

By now the people in town are used to my odd traveling clothes: riding breeches, high boots, leather jacket, and khaki cap. My small bag, made out of cord, is easy to sling over the shoulder or tie to the saddle. The little bag holds a flashlight, a canteen, a prayer book, and some shaving gear.

The bus driver had saved me a seat next to him, where the dust of the road doesn't choke a person completely. As I drive our own station wagon, I am one of the fraternity of "pilots" who are idolized by the youngsters of the town. Although I was a paying guest on the bus, I was riding as a sort of co-pilot.

We got away on schedule for the long trip. During the first hour and a half, the bus really had to climb—from 6,000 to 11,000 feet. Zig-zags and hairpin turns were thrown in to keep driver and passengers from getting bored.

At the end of the road, I found a horse waiting. Soon I was up on the horse and moving down the trail.

The top of the mountain range was the only place where I could make time, so I let my horse gallop for about forty minutes before starting the descent. Jacaltenango is down at 5,000 feet and some forty miles away. The horse was feeling fine and didn't mind being pushed.

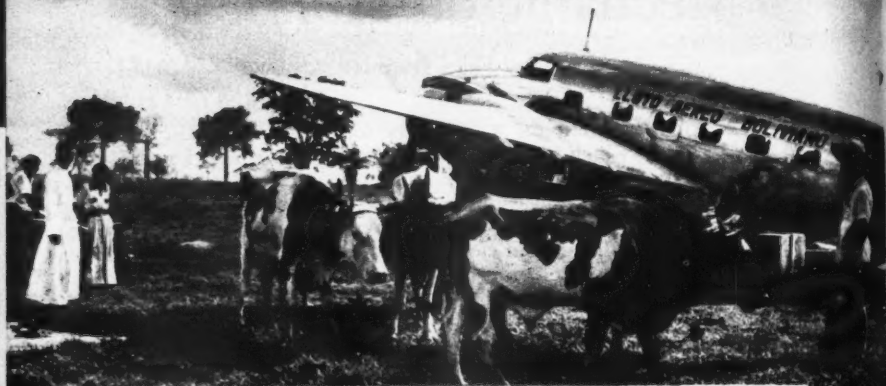
We kept dropping until we were within a half hour of Jacaltenango. It was then that I managed to fall off the horse—fortunately in a good spot. We had just negotiated some dangerous rocky descents, so I was resting my feet, letting them swing free of the stirrups. The horse slipped—and there I was on my back, looking at the horse in surprise.

Finally I reached Jacaltenango, after six hours in the saddle. At the end of a ride like that, the little book-keeping job back in Huchuetenango seems very pleasant.

But after a shower and a good meal, all was right with the world. I took a quick look at the generator and luckily managed to find the trouble. In an hour, just at dusk, the engine started running again. Once more civilization winked out over the Mexico-Guatemala frontier. It was a pleasure to drop into bed after the long hours in the saddle.

Next day I took over a First Communion class. The Indian boys and girls here speak Spanish very well. In effect, another pinpoint of light pierced a deeper darkness. I got a lot of enjoyment from that.

BOLIVIAN WILD WEST



Maryknollers who work in some areas of the Bolivian jungle country are surprised to find scenes reminiscent of our own Wild West — cowboys, stampedes, cattle drives, and cow-town Main Streets that could well provide locale for a Hollywood horse opera. The cowboys come from the uplands outside the Beni.





Santa Cruz is becoming modern, but strange sights still appear. This *ranchero* has forsaken his bronco for the plodding pace of his bull.

THREE MINUTE Meditation

"... the freedom wherewith
Christ has made us free"

(Gal. iv:31).

SOME of the sayings in Sacred Scripture seem particularly modern. For example, consider the one by Saint Paul in the text above. Christ brought freedom down to earth almost two thousand years ago. He is still eager to give it to all men in 1949.

Many persons think that the Four Freedoms are an invention of the twentieth century. Yet Jesus Christ preached one of His most beautiful sermons on freedom from want. This sermon is still given a grudging admiration by even those who do not go along with other things that Christ said. The Master gave us invaluable information on freedom of worship. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass pleases God immensely today as it did when the Apostles offered it. As for freedom of speech — well, Christ made a classic statement on that subject. He told His followers, "Go into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature." He promised them no end of help in bearing the message to the world.

The up-to-the-minute nature of Christ's sayings is not surprising to those who know God. He made our minds and hearts; He knows just what we need in the way of freedom.

Conclusion: What could be more appropriate, on this Fourth of July, than a short prayer of gratitude for the freedom God gives us Catholics? And don't you think it would be a good idea to add a plea that God will help His missionaries in taking Christ's freedom to all men?

A Story of

AMONG THE FAR EAST'S most familiar figures are its missionaries. On the ground a long time, they have become part of the scenery. The people, even if they do not understand the missionaries' purpose too well, have long been accustomed to their presence. The missionaries look humdrum enough and pursue humdrum tasks; the people find them much like the rest of men and women. Yet there is a golden story that weaves itself through the missionaries' unsung lives. Their efforts, their sufferings and trials, are making silent history.

Here is a man who spent a year and a half in captivity for no other reason except that he was a Catholic priest. There is another, who was imprisoned and tortured for the crime of loving and serving his people. The list of converts is increasing, and the list of martyrs is mounting at the same time. One small diocese in North China alone has a record of eleven priests killed and four missing, within the last two years. These sacrifices are great; but that they who preach Christ should be ready to suffer, even to die, for Christ, is a mission tradition. "Remember my word that I said to you: . . . If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you" (*John xv: 20*).

IT IS A REMARKABLE thing that the wave of persecution sweeping over Asia has found the native priests and laity leading all the rest in the numbers of martyrs. The heavy toll taken among Orientals seems only to have increased their resolute fidelity to the Church. The people of the Orient have their faults, but spinelessness is not one. They do not relish long imprisonment and sudden death any more than anyone else does, but

Unsung Lives

their faith has proved gloriously steadfast. The native Catholic who gives his life for his religion is the supreme criterion of the solidity of mission work. The Church has always been able to beget heroes of every race and in every land, and it is consoling to realize that she is doing so again today, in her largest mission field. Her sons and daughters of Asia are true to her best traditions. In the past few years, hundreds of them were massacred for the Faith and for no other reason, while a large section of the American press was chronicling the exploits of their persecutors as democratic endeavors towards agrarian reform.

THE MISSIONERS OF TODAY, foreign and native together, live in a disturbed world. Under present conditions, their work of peace and brotherhood can be carried on only at the cost of great hardship. Yet the missionaries do not refuse the difficult and dangerous labor, but dedicate themselves to it with more charity and energy than ever. Everybody will salute their spirit, but nobody will be surprised by it. They are trying to make a decent and happy world for the human race to live in. It is not easy to make men brothers in a world of discord and strife. It is a work that calls for great fidelity to God, great love for humanity, and the capacity for every sacrifice in the interests of both. But the missionaries believe that work can be accomplished — though not without severe cost to themselves — by means of the truth of Christ applied through the charity of Christ. In that unique cause, and buoyed up by that unique means, they consider the incidental cost distinctly secondary.

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

This Month's Cover

The two little Mexican children shown on the front cover cut the ground from under the cynic who said: "Youth is such a beautiful period of life, it's a shame it is wasted on children." That cynic took especial delight in the big, round eyes and the charming smiles of the little ones. He said that "such is the kingdom of God."



We Have a Club for Them

by Leo H. Tibesar

A FORMER WEALTHY DIRECTOR of the South Manchurian Railway thanked me on his knees, here in Tokyo the other day, for the few supplies I gave him. He had feared that, returning home empty-handed, he might not be welcome to his children. A woman, also once well-to-do, now dressed in tatters, told me how her child had died of undernourishment as she fled to Japan from her home in Manchuria, which had been looted by Soviet soldiers and Chinese Communists.

These cases concern but two of the six million persons in Japan who have been labeled "repatriates"—people who have been returned to Japan from Asia, America, even from Africa. These people are not welcome, and the name "repatriate" has become one of opprobrium. War stripped Japan of many of the necessities of life, and of all the luxuries. The people's belts have to be tightened; this was true before the repatriates arrived, and it is even more true now that one in every twelve of the total population has come home from abroad.

Many of the repatriates from Man-

churia made it a point to search for me on their arrival in Tokyo. I had been pastor of the former Japanese parish in Dairen, Manchuria, many years ago. Those repatriated knew I had not been in the Orient for over a decade; yet they took it for granted that I would be here, and in the providence of God I was. Thanks to many friends in America, I never had to turn any of those poor people away without some aid.

We have formed a little Repatriate Club here in the Ginza chapel, and it serves as a communication and information headquarters. The club meets once a month, though quite a number of our former Dairen Catholics attend Sunday Mass as well.

We have been able to secure two sewing machines of dubious vintage, and are hoping to get some sewing orders from friends of ours which will help the women among the repatriates to make a new start. We have more ambitious plans as well for some co-operative effort toward self-rehabilitation. The road ahead will be a long one, however. Characteristically, the women agreed to use our facilities on condition that we would permit them to work for the Church on Saturday mornings.

I think a new Japan can be aided considerably by the repatriates, who brought home with them new perspectives. To the Church they should prove an invaluable aid, once we get them on their feet again. What we are doing now is totally inadequate. They need housing, jobs, everything. But we try to give them hope. Perhaps that is the best gift, after all. Certainly if the repatriates can hope, so can the rest of Japan's population.

AFIELD *with the* **MARYKNOLL** **SISTERS**

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

"This is where we belong," began a letter from Sister Catherine Maureen, written from the Sisters' convent in Kowak, Africa.

"The trip was pleasant, but this really seems like home!" continued Sister Maureen. "Today was our first Sunday, and we were inspected by the people. The urge to learn the language is much greater, now that we are confronted with their needs and friendliness. We are sure there will be plenty of girls in the new school. About a dozen of them have been sitting in front of our quarters all day.

"Our convent looks out upon a valley, with rolling hills beyond. The land is scrubby and sandy, with a few, low trees — not much like the dense jungleland we had imagined.

"The church is made of stone and mud and has a grass roof. There are no seats in the churches we have visited, but only kneelers made of hard earth and used for both sitting and kneeling. The members of the congregation sing at the top of their lungs, reverently participating in all the services.

"Some of the women wear dresses, but others are wrapped in pieces of

cloth. Apparently anything they can find to put on is acceptable; any special style is out of the question."

"Koror is beautiful beyond description," writes Sister Mary Camillus, from one of the islands of the Palau group, in the Pacific Ocean.

"Koror is only a mile wide," Sister continues, "but there is no sensation of being on the water's edge, because of the islands around us.

"We are delighted with the people — who are simple, lovable, and en-

Ready To Go!

WHO? 47 Maryknoll Sisters.

WHERE? To China, Japan, the Philippines, Hawaii, Ceylon, Nicaragua, Panama, Bolivia.

WHY? Because millions of needy souls are calling.

HOW? By train, freighter, plane IF you will help us get them there.

WHAT WILL IT COST? More than \$500 for each Sister and there are 47 of them.

CAN YOU HELP? See page 36.

tirely unspoiled. There are about four or five hundred Catholics on our island, with a small group of Protestants. The mission is the center of all their activities.

"Our classes with the girls and women, and with the boys who come to help about the garden give us good contacts with the people. Daily they bring us some local fruit. No wonder we feel at home!"

June July August. Sister Maria Pia spent the morning searching for two Catholic godparents for tomorrow's baptism of the Bowen children. Knowing how the people here in Panama figure time, Sister set the time of the baptisms a half hour ahead.

To make sure that the children would really appear, Sister went to their homes another half hour ahead, to "carry" them to church. She found the three important characters running around; quite unprepared. When June saw Sister, she nonchalantly presented a comb and her little head of kinky wool. Next came Carroll, who was arrayed in a white suit.

The godparents finally arrived. In spite of a heavy rain, Sister took the youngsters to the church. Jasper

was christened Jose; Carroll became Antonio; and June, a bundle of personality who had called herself June July August, was renamed Miriam.

The Little One Speaks. Sister Francis Damien recently got an SOS from the Crime Prevention Division in Honolulu. The reporting officer stated that twelve-year-old Pauline had run away from home, walked several miles to the police station, and asked an officer if he would take her to the detention home to live because she was unhappy at home.

Pauline's mother was reached, but she could not pick up her child because she herself had an appointment at the beauty parlor! The perplexed officer and the satisfied Pauline went to the detention home, where placement was made as an emergency measure.

"Our Catholic Social Service Department," said Sister Damien, "was asked to investigate the family situation. In a talk with Pauline, I learned that her mother had just been married for the third time.

"In tears, Pauline stammered, 'All I want is to have some folks I can call Mommy and Daddy always.'"

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

DEAR SISTERS:

I enclose herewith \$_____ to help you send your missionaries to their apostolic field.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ **Zone** _____ **State** _____

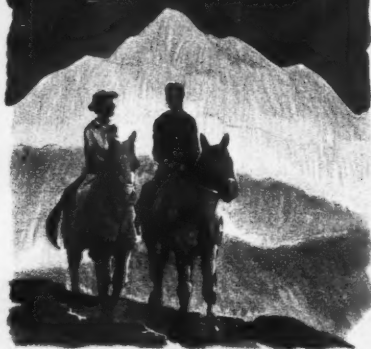
Sister Margaret Rose has had to get used to many new things since coming to Kowak in East Africa. It still gives her a start to see a girl without hair. Most Luo girls fancy shaved heads. It's cooler.



Sister Anne Marion has just asked these girls in Cala Cala, Bolivia, "Whomade you?" The lassies don't know the reply; their faces show that. But this Maryknoll Sister is equipped to handle such cases.



Christ in a Cup



by John M. Martin

AS I DISMOUNTED from my mule in the mountains of Mexico, the people who had welcomed me to my new post led me to a little stone church that had been laboriously built many years before. In a country where most buildings are constructed of mud bricks, stone walls are indeed an achievement. The little church held about two hundred and fifty persons. It was built on the side of a hill, so that the floor slanted toward the door and everyone could see the sanctuary, which was considerably higher than the entrance.

There was no tabernacle on the altar, so I was glad that I had brought one with me from the United States. It took several weeks to rebuild the altar and to anchor the tabernacle securely in place.

Meanwhile, I set to work instructing the people in the cult of the Eucharist, for most of them did not know how to genuflect. Nevertheless, I was edified by their faith.

I asked them how long it was since the Blessed Sacrament had been reserved in their church. The older people said it was about thirty years since Christ had "dwelt amongst them."

One woman, more eager than the rest to apologize, loudly exclaimed, "Oh, but once in that long time we had the Blessed Sacrament here! One day a priest arrived and he heard our confessions. The next morning he said Mass, and during it consecrated an extra Host. At the close of the Mass, he dried the chalice and then placed the Blessed Sacrament inside the cup and covered it over with the veil, as the priest usually does at the end of Mass.

"He left Our Lord there on the altar, and we were able to conduct our own Holy Hours all that afternoon and throughout the entire night. Each family came in turn, sitting on the floor, singing hymns and calling out their prayers. On the following day the priest said another Mass, and at Communion time he consumed the extra Host. After breakfast he went on his way.

"Just think of it, Padre — we had the Blessed Sacrament here for at least twenty-four hours! We have never forgotten that great privilege."

Once during thirty years they had been able to adore Our Lord on their altar! I felt ashamed when I realized how easy it had been for me, in the United States, to know Christ and to love Him in the Blessed Sacrament.



Here in a bleak and forbidding land are the little villages where the missionaries live. They are as remote as if they were in a Tibetan Shangri-la.



Poor and unlettered, the hidden people of the mountains still maintain the dignity and traditions of their Inca forebears, once proud and rich rulers.



The children are put to work when they are hardly out of the cradle; few have the chance for schooling. Their clothing is made from burlap bags.



The lads (above) besides tending this herd of llamas, collect llama dung, which will be sold for fuel. Father Donald Cleary (below) of Newark, N. J., examines one of the luxuries of this region — a hen that will provide eggs.





Typical of the churches in this barren, eroded land is that of Cuyocuyo. It dwarfs Father Robert Kearns of New York City, standing in foreground.

Adios

再見

Good-by



MARYKNOLL'S new missionaries are ready to say farewell to family and friends, but Maryknoll is faced with a financial problem that must be met before they can leave. We need \$500 to provide the ticket and transportation for each missionary.

If it were only a matter of finding the fare for one or two of our priests, arrangements could be made. But 27 times \$500 comes to a sum that furrows the brow of our Maryknoll treasurer. It is a first-class prob-

lem, which must be settled somehow and soon.

Therefore, we respectfully submit for your approval a little plan by which you can "go part way" with this year's group of Maryknoll Missioners, and thus help them to get to fields afar.

If you can't help, will you kindly recommend the idea to someone else? We shall be grateful for any portion of the transportation costs, no matter how large or how small.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

I enclose \$_____ to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll Missioner to his field of work. I wish him success!

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Twenty Reasons Why

I CHOSE MARYKNOLL

This year Maryknoll accepted 246 new students. Recently they were asked to state the reasons why they chose to leave home and go to remote lands as missionaries. Here are some answers.

1. I never thought seriously about studying for the priesthood until I served with the Navy's Antarctic Expedition of 1946-47. During my months with the expedition, I had a lot of time to think of what God intended me to do with my life. However, when I was discharged from the Navy, I began to get "cold feet." A well-paying Civil Service job and a chance to enter Notre Dame University, began to sidetrack me. Then I heard the curate of my parish in

Maryland preach a sermon. It seemed he was talking directly to me when he spoke on the desperate need of priests in the world today. I had received *The Field Afar* since I was twelve, so I began to correspond with Maryknoll.

2. I joined Maryknoll in order to be closer to God, and because by being a Maryknoll priest I should have the opportunity to bring other people into the Faith.





3. I first became attracted by the name "Maryknoll." It appealed to me. It seemed to be devoted to Mary, and I wanted to devote myself entirely to her.

4. I joined Maryknoll in order to sanctify my soul as a priest, and to help propagate the Faith in foreign lands. I learned much about mission life from weekly articles in *The Catholic Transcript*; articles written by foreign missionaries, depicting very vividly life in foreign lands.

5. I read the life of Bernadette, and afterwards that of St. Therese. The latter made a deep impression. It seemed that everything in the world had changed for me. From that time on, I desired to be a priest. Later I read the story of Maryknoll in *The Catholic Digest*. It was this article that turned me towards Maryknoll.

6. Much credit is due to my high-school training by the Jesuits. They made me want to serve God in the best way possible. They aided me in choosing Maryknoll as my life.

7. When I was in Korea with the Army, I met a Maryknoll priest. I saw how much missionaries were needed.

8. I planned to be a priest. Several Maryknoll seminarians from the house in St. Louis were in my class, and their excellent characters and good example influenced me. But by far the strongest reason was the realization of the great need for missionaries and the great amount of good one could do.

9. I love the "little guy," and from what I saw in service in the Pacific, Maryknoll helps the "little guy."

10. When I was in Japan with the United States Navy, I saw how much the Japanese people needed Christ. After my discharge I met a Franciscan priest who told me about Maryknoll. Then I read the life of Father Price. After reading about this great man, I don't see how any man with a mission vocation could hesitate in coming to Maryknoll.

11. I chose Maryknoll for several reasons. First, Maryknoll is a mission





organization composed of American men and women. Secondly, the idea of Maryknollers belonging to one big family was very appealing.

12. I was twelve years old when I saw the movie "The Keys of the Kingdom." The thought of being a missionary entered my mind but died out again. Then I read an article about a tribe of uncivilized Indians in South America. I desired to take the word of God to them. I wrote to Maryknoll, stating that I should like to be a missionary, preferably in South America. A Maryknoll priest answered, encouraging me, but reminding me missionaries must go where they are sent.

13. During the war I served in China. There I obtained a first-hand view of the great work of the missions, and the still greater tasks that lie ahead.

14. I first heard of Maryknoll from a fellow student at Notre Dame. When I wanted to know more about Maryknoll, I was referred to several Maryknollers living on the campus.

15. My mother received The Field Afar every month. Reading the magazine started me thinking of the sacrifices missionaries make for God.

16. I joined Maryknoll to help save pagan souls and help do good.

17. One day a Maryknoll priest came to our parish. He spoke so vividly on the salvation of souls through Maryknoll that I wanted to have a part in this work.

18. I was working in a restaurant. One night, a tall, well-built priest walked in for supper. I waited on him and took his order. Later I went back to him and started a conversation. He handed me a copy of The Field Afar.

19. Saint Francis Xavier's life influenced me to be a missionary. Father Jerry Donovan's life drew me to Maryknoll.

20. I became interested in Maryknoll when I was in the eighth grade. Sister had great respect for Maryknoll Missioners and told me of them.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York

1

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll Priest ☐
Brother ☐
(Check one). I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Date of birth _____
Street _____ School _____
City, Zone, State _____ Class _____



Maryknoll Want Ads

Child of China — Orphaned, homeless, driven by hunger to a Maryknoll shelter: raw material from which, with your aid, we can fashion a friend and a Christian! \$5 feeds a child for a whole month!

Blood Donor. Father Boesflug has been bitten by most of the mosquitoes in Japan. He asks \$10 for a net, to keep the pests off and save the remainder of his blood. And soon, please!

35c a Day will keep a South American boy at an outdoor camp, feed and care for him and give him the right start in life. We recommend this as a good investment.

Danger! One hunting knife, \$3; one first-aid outfit, \$15; one snake-bite kit, \$9: when a man needs such items, he needs them quickly! Father Rhodes, who works in a rugged area of China, asks for \$27 to buy a chance for survival there.

Pressure Cooker — jars, rings, a complete canning set is requested, to cost about \$45. Says Father Connors of Guatemala, "I don't know much about canning, but hunger is a great spur." Suppose we suggest adding \$5 more, to buy him a cookbook?

"I Lost All My Stuff in the turmoil in our Manchurian mission," writes Father Henry, from South China. "Put me down for the first available Mass Kit. I need it badly." A kit costs \$150. Who will help him get one?

Widow's Gift. A widow gave Father Cowan half an acre of land, and he had a church erected. But it is empty — no altar, no pews, or other fittings. About \$1,000 would equip the church for use. Will you share with this devout woman the pleasure of completing her gift?

What Good Is Grass? It is food for animals; also — well, should you like to live without it? There is no grass at Father Bradley's mission in Chile. He asks for ten dollars' worth of seed, to make two — or 200, or 2,000, or 20,000 — blades grow where none grew before!

In Two Places at Once. No Maryknoller can double himself; but helped by a catechist, he can make and train twice as many converts. Father McClear needs a catechist. \$15 a month will support one for him. Please give part or all of this sum.

One Look is Better than a Thousand Words. That is why Father Siebert of Kaying asks for \$135, to buy a crucifix, a statue of the Sacred Heart, and a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Chinese, looking at these, can see with their own eyes what his words mean.

The Hand Teaches the Mind. Some psychologists say that the human brain would never have developed so far if the human thumb had been shorter; the use of tools is the beginning of civilization. Help Father McNiff to buy hammers, planes, saws, for his trade school in Chile — to teach poor children Our Lord's trade of carpentry. \$2 buys a tool.





THE VILLAGE VISIT

When a missionary enters a village, he is prepared to perform the series of corporal and spiritual works of mercy suggested by Our Lord.

To be hungry or cold or sick or imprisoned, hurts just as much in Asia or Africa as it does in America or Europe.

Our Lord, knowing this, ordered us to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick and imprisoned, and comfort the sorrowful.

From the Maryknoll Charity Fund, our missionaries each month feed tens of thousands of starving folks.

Your donation to the Charity Fund will make you the missionaries' partner.

* Send for the free booklet,

The Making of a Catholic Will



Chow on a Chinese river boat.

